After: Grandad Makes Breakfast, 1981

Marceline White

When you were wealthy, you dined in Paris.
Of all the things to love in that city of lights,
it was eggs that enchanted.

Each morning, you sat in the hotel's red velvet chairs,
ordered scrambled eggs, waited with delight.
The plate would appear, a simple crown of pure gold

floating in the white fog of the Ritz's lapis-rimmed
china. With persistence, you charmed the chef,
learned the secret of the scramble, a pinch of [ ],

one per egg, brings a rise, a lightness, as if the eggs
were whipped at a higher altitude, each curd a saffron pillow,
a luminous cadmium yellow, as if a star

had fallen onto your plate from Van Gogh's brush.
Years later, scrambling for jobs, eking out an income,
death by a thousand sales calls,

you'd serve eggs, scrambled, with bacon for dinner.
Your hands whisked the whites and yolks in the bowl, just as sure
as you'd once whirled partners around the dance floor

when you were young and full of medals and golden confidence.
Into the bowl, the other ingredients fall: whole milk, salt, flour,
and finally, with a wink, you add a secret dash of baking powder

to make eggs so light, they could take flight,
become clouds that looked onto a field of buttercups,
faces turned to the sun.



Marceline White is a Baltimore-based writer and activist whose work has appeared in *The Ekphrastic Review*, *trampset*, *Yolk*, *Prime Number, The Orchard Review*, *The Indianapolis Review*, and *Atticus Review,* among others. Twice nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net, when not writing, Marceline can be found serving her two cats and telling her son to text her when he arrives at the EDM show. Read more at www.marcelinewhitewrites.com.